

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE:

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 532.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1827.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

De Vere. 4 vols. 12mo. H. Colburn, London, 1827.

This is as it should be; the author of *Tremaine* having tasted of that cup of popular admiration offered willingly to a writer who can make a high species of intellectual amusement the medium of communicating and impressing beautiful and important moral lessons, has not permitted any circumstances to keep him long from applying to the sweet draught again. In truth, it is the veritable Hippocrene of the poets. To the inspiration of this delicious beverage, added, we doubt not, to the inward consciousness of possessing that power of delighting and bettering his fellow-beings, we owe a second work from the pen of this accomplished writer.

If the novel of *De Vere* were a first production, we should deem ourselves called upon to enter at some length into the characteristic qualities displayed by its author, and entertain our readers with an abstract of its plot, and a sketch of its various characters, incidents, and so forth. But in the present instance we feel that all this would be superfluous, and that our task in presenting this early notice of *De Vere* is at once plain and easy. We have nothing to do but to say in what respects it resembles and in what it differs from its well-known predecessor, *Tremaine*; and then to call out a few of the most "noticeable" passages, with the view of furnishing an early foretaste of the feast to which "the million" will speedily be invited, and at which we can assure them they will find food which, though dressed for the most part *au naturel*, combines, in no ordinary degree, the highest and most delicate flavour with the most wholesome and nutritious qualities.

De Vere, or the Man of Independency, will be universally recognised as a companion work to its predecessor, *Tremaine*, or the Man of Refinement. By this we do not mean to indicate that there is any formal or purposed resemblance between them, but merely that the same style of composition has been adopted in both, the same kind of material chosen, the same class of figures introduced, and even the same description of scenery and tone of colouring employed. To drop the pictorial metaphor, — and indeed all metaphor, as illustrated with the simplicity of the subject under notice, — *De Vere* is, in all the best and none of the worst senses of the phrase, a novel of real life; the obvious and avowed object of which is to instruct through the medium of amusement: and the means used for providing both the instruction and the amusement, have been found in the extensive opportunities which the author has evidently enjoyed of looking at human nature as it is modified by the existing state of manners and society; and in a sagacity and penetration which have enabled him, in so looking, to pierce beyond the mere surface of that nature so modified. These advantages, added to an

imagination not *étré* by a too intimate or a too long-continued intercourse with the mere dry realities of life; a heart originally (as it appears to us from these volumes) too warm and too well-placed to have been either chilled or indurated by the bad that may, or must be, found mixed up with the good that is about us; and withal a practical sound sense that has rarely been equalled: — these together have enabled their fortunate possessor to produce what we will venture to pronounce to be two most delightful works in the class to which they belong.

We shall now forestall the complaints, and gratify the curiosity of our readers by proceeding at once to the pages before us. It may be well to state briefly, that ambition, in its various classes and degrees, is the general subject matter of this novel; and that the value and virtue of real independence of mind is the general moral sought to be inculcated. The high-minded and high-descended *De Vere* is born to little better than poverty. Left in very early life almost entirely dependent on the will of a tyrannous and overbearing elder brother, his character becomes so modified by the early scenes and circumstances in which he is for a long period placed, that when he afterwards, by the death of that brother, comes out into the world the representative of a noble name and the possessor of a small competency, he knows as little of the ways of that world, and is as little disposed to avail himself of his high connexions for walking advantageously in those ways, as if he had been bred in the wilds of Siberia or the valleys of Arcadia. The struggle between his settled determination to preserve an honourable independence of spirit, and his instinctive desire to raise and renovate the fallen fortunes of his house, form the main thread of the story, — which thread, however, is broken towards the close of the work by fortune flowing in upon the hero from an unexpected quarter, and thus permitting him to compass all the wishes of his heart and mind without any struggle or compromise at all. There is of course a lady in the case — beautiful and immaculate as the heroine of such a hero is bound to be; and, moreover, able by her wealth, and evidently not ill-disposed by her taste and discrimination, to do away all the scruples and difficulties of the said hero, by sharing her fortunes with him. But against this his pride and sense of independence rebel, no less than the real truth and delicacy of his love: — and out of these adverse feelings grows the strongest and most interesting struggle, which lasts (to say the truth) somewhat longer than it need do — namely, long after fortune has set him on as perfect a level with the lady in wealth as he before was in birth and breeding.

So much for the hero and heroine. The other principal characters, some of which act scarcely less prominent parts in the business of the work, are all represented as more or less connected with the political proceedings of the day in which the events are supposed to occur.

Our space precludes us from particularly mentioning even the more prominent of these characters; but it is scarcely possible to contemplate their portraits without feeling that many of their principal features must have been modelled from actual observations made on actual persons: of course we say this without the slightest intention of impugning the positive assertion of the author, as to the absence of all personality in his portraits. We give implicit credit to the spirit of candour and good faith, in which (in his preface) he deprecates any charge of having intended to represent real living, or even dead, people; and we conceive that deprecation to be in no way incompatible even with the consciousness of having set down what he has seen, felt, and heard, not what he has merely imagined. If it were not so, we must take from him one of his chief merits, and from his works one of their chief points of value, namely — that power of observation which they so eminently display. Who will deny, for instance, that, in the admirable sketch of Wentworth, the brilliant *kit-out* of Cleveland, the masterly outline of Sir Wm. Flowerdale, or the highly-finished *whole-length* of Clayton, every trait might not be traced to some one or other of the political leaders or followers of the last thirty or forty years? But who shall say that, therefore, any one of these are portraits of actual persons? The imputation would be no less illogical than unfair. We will even go farther, and state our distinct belief, that notwithstanding the deprecatory passages alluded to, the author himself would not be disposed to deny that much, for instance, of the admirable sketch of his great political leader, Wentworth, is modelled from the joint characters of the late William Pitt and his present distinguished successor, Mr. Canning; that the excellent Herbert would never have existed but for the previous existence of the still more excellent Dr. Cyril Jackson; and (may we venture, without the imputation of impertinently overstepping our office, to guess?) that not a little of the charming touches included in the episodes called "the Man of Imagination" and "the Man of Content," might be traced to the actual history of the author himself. We might even go one step farther, and at least inquire, whether the amiable Lady Clanelan does not find something like a prototype in the equally amiable Duchess of Buckingham. But we should here be touching on the precincts of private life; and this alone — to say nothing of our limits for observation being more than exhausted — warns us to confine the remaining portion of this notice to illustrative extracts.

Perhaps we cannot do better than begin by a passage which is evidently intended to fix upon the reader's memory the chief locality of the story. It is the family residence of the *De Veres*. *De Vere* and his biographer are riding together through a wood, in a hot summer's day.

"The whole place looked so venerably in-

teresting, that I could not help wishing a longer examination of it; but what chiefly struck me, was a large and originally well-shaped obelisk or column, which rose in the open space before the moat, fenced round with iron spikes. It was of yellowish stone, (at least made so with age), and in many places was crumbled so as to be defaced. On the pedestal, however, was a tablet, which had been kept in sufficient preservation to make its inscription perfectly visible. Curious almost to impertinence in these things, I jumped off my horse, (a movement which my companion did not oppose,) to read the inscription: it was in old characters, rather dilapidated; bore the date 1572, and read thus:

'Trust in thy own good sword,
Rather than princes' word.
Trust e'en in fortune's slinker,
Rather than princes' minister.
Of either, trust the galle,
Rather than woman's smile.
But most of all eschew,
To trust in Parvenu.'

The following quotation first introduces to the reader the *Parvenu*, who seems to be hinted at by anticipation in the foregoing, and who afterwards plays a conspicuous part throughout the work.

"Though the principal college friend of De Vere was the nobleman just mentioned, there were others who had a share in his kindness, and, in some degree, in his confidence. Among these was a gentleman of the name of Clayton; who, though not distinguished by any peculiar talent, and who did not even compensate the want of this by any remarkable suavity of manner (except to his superiors), was yet a most remarkable and highly gifted character. For he had an art, perhaps the most useful in the whole circle of arts, the art of rising. And though it must be owned that vanity, even the vanity that attends upon mere fashion, rather than any nobler aspiration, was the original impetus to this, yet such was its force, that he never rested contented on any one step, while another remained to be mounted. This may be noble or contemptible, according as it is managed; and as Mr. Clayton managed it, to some it may have appeared certainly not noble. But never was there such a mistake. The qualifications for rising as he chose to make the attempt, are of far more difficult attainment than are imagined. The devotion of self to the will of another, the immolation of one's comforts by the total surrender of one's independence—the destruction of one's hours—the sacrifice of tastes, opinions, pleasures, and pursuits—the not choosing to say one's soul's one's own, when a patron says otherwise; and all this, accompanied by a forgetfulness of one's own family, or those with whom one has set out in the world, and a noble disdain of the good or bad opinion of those beneath us, when we have passed them; all this partakes almost of the nature of greatness; and all this is required to rise in the road which Mr. Clayton thought it best to take to preferment. Yet, as has been hinted, his ambition, particularly at first, was of a strange colour; for it did not so much consist of that honourable aspiration after power which springs from the desire of using it nobly, and which really does make this dangerous passion virtue, as to mix with the great because they were great; to be numbered with people of fashion, in order to be fashionable; and to be employed on embassies from one titled personage to another, because they were titled. This had a charm for him almost equal to the acquisition of place and profit itself. This last, indeed, was at length the predomi-

nating object of his heart; but it was always gilded by the objects first enumerated, if indeed the first had not been the original spring that called his subsequently developed powers into action. In short, Clayton was from nature a tuft-hunter, from necessity a place-hunter, from habit an actor, from disposition a hypocrite. Yet was this character not altogether unmixed with something that, but for his selfishness, might have made him in reality what he often appeared—amiable in feeling, if not just in mind. He was sensitively alive to what is called sentiment: the heroines of the stage drew from him real tears; Roscius roused him, in imagination at least, to the full swell of virtue. He has been seen to weep over Lear, and redden indignantly with Hotspur. A tale well told would electrify him with the passions of the story; in the senate he would catch the fire of the speaker; and in a cathedral, he could melt in rapture to sacred song. But all this could pass in the transition of a moment. The effect, however strong, never surprised him into one single deviation from his main object. Never, as to this, was he off his guard; if, indeed, he was notable sometimes to make these emotions (according to the character of those who witnessed them,) subservient to the point he at the time had to carry. Thus, every where true to himself, and master of the great qualities for rising that have been enumerated, let no one presume to despise him."

A Magnifico of the First Class.—We can scarcely do better than contrast this person with another of a very different cast and condition, but one equally skilled and practised in the noble art of rising; whose portrait, we think, cannot fail to be recognized in a living nobleman of a grade higher in title.

"The Earl of Cleveland was a cousin, only some once or twice removed from the Earl of Mowbray, who, through his mother, derived a very considerable proportion of his estates from the Cleveland family. Sprung from one of the most powerful and ancient lineages of the kingdom, he ranked, if not first, yet among the very first of the nobility; and to this he added a fortune, which, indulgent as he was to a very magnificent taste, he knew well how to preserve. It was observed, indeed, that however great his expenses, they were all of a personal nature, instruments of his power or of his pleasures; and that no great public institution or national establishment, and still less that private charities, had ever benefited by his vast wealth. He was endowed with great and comprehensive talents; had a shrewdness and reach of understanding which few could equal, and which was well turned to account, both on the turf and at the card-table, as well as in the closet, not merely of the minister, but of the highest personage of the realm. This, and a very active propensity to party politics, had made him, though not at present in the administration, all-powerful with the minister. It was said, indeed, that he rode the administration (as he certainly did their subalterns) with a hard and heavy curb, which he seldom relaxed, till he carried whatever object he had before him. In doing this, he had not unfrequently changed his line of action, and was court to-day or country to-morrow, with a most fearless contempt of the animadversions to which such conduct exposed him. Nor did this proceed from meanness, so much as from the absolute loftiness of his spirit, which laughed at the fear of offending any one, since to every one he thought himself superior. Thus ambition might be said to have been his greatest pas-

sion, had it not held a divided empire with another, which governed him quite as strongly, and, indeed, absorbed more of his time; we mean a devotion to the fair. It is inconceivable with what eagerness he pursued this; into how many engagements it plunged him; how many emissaries it forced him to employ; and what expenses,—but no! we should wrong his prudence if we did not confess, that, eager as he was to gratify his wishes in this respect, he never suffered them to surprise him into any thing like what he called a profligate profusion. And yet, to speak of the person of the magnifico, an eye observer would look in vain for the graces of Antinous or the features of Apollo. His features, indeed, were, from nature, unexpressive, and his person far from attractive; so that when we consider this part of his history, and how successful he was in enslaving the admiration of the sex, we are tempted to exclaim, with one who was as observing of nature as poetical in description:—

'Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,—
Yet he of ladies oft was loved full dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen bye:
Oh! who does know the bent of woman's phantasy?"

"To do Lord Cleveland justice, however, we are bound to own, that what nature had refused, education and habit had supplied. The loftiness of his mind, ill-directed as it was, had communicated itself to his manner; and this, aided by the air of the court in which he had been bred, had given him an imposing look, and, when he pleased, a dignity of demeanour which seldom went unremarked; so that, on seeing him, you could not help admitting there was the air of a man of quality about him. In short, all fashion bowed to him, and had chosen him for her monarch, and we know what that will effect in a woman's heart. But he had also another property which always makes its way with the sex; that of great personal bravery, when, as had been the fact, either the passion we are upon, or the disdain with which he often treated others, had exposed him to be called to the field. My Lord Herbert (himself a great knight) tells you of a Monsieur de Balagny, who was the ugliest man in France; but he was also the bravest; and Monsieur de Balagny was accordingly the greatest favourite of the ladies. Lord Cleveland was, as we have said, magnificent, and he made magnificence subservient to the two great passions we have commemorated. His entertainments, both at home and abroad, filled the court with the praises of his grandeur and of the elegance of his taste; and to obtain a place at his suppers or his concerts was an object of struggle, even among the most fashionable. But while gazers (particularly female gazers) admired, the close observer came to this conclusion, that in this man of power, of fashion, high breeding, and magnificence, all was self. Never had he been known to perform one great action, to give one tear to sympathy, or one guinea to distress. Yet let us not wrong him in this respect. He was not entirely hardened, and has at least been known to deplore his own lot: for he had reached to four-and-thirty years without a self-approving hour. In truth, he felt that his talents were thrown away, his time murdered, his opportunities lost, without a chance of obtaining that distinction which he really desired, and which men may fairly plume themselves upon, who have deserved well of their country,

'And read their history in a nation's eyes.'
'Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor,'
might therefore be said to be his motto. It

* Fairy Queen.

is certain he had that in him which seemed as if he had been originally designed for better things; and has been known to sigh over past hours, and to 'grieve that he prized them no more.' Yet all his grief was vain; for such is the force of habit, that we fruitlessly seek to escape from its tyranny, and though we feel our bonds, often plunge deeper in unworthiness, to obtain a little temporary relief. Thus, satiated, restless, and dissatisfied, like the habitual drunkard, he was forced to look to new excitements for comfort, till excitement itself had lost its power."

We must now suspend our further notice of this excellent work till next week. Suffice it for the present to say, that, in our opinion, *De Vere* is one of the ablest productions of its class which has ever been published. For truth and vigour in drawing character—for felicity of observation, and elevation of sentiment—for a superior knowledge of society—and the completion of a most skilful and interesting story founded on that intelligence—we have met no work of such extraordinary merit.

The Shepherd's Calendar: with Village Stories, and other Poems. By John Clare, author of "Poems on Rural Life," &c. 12mo. pp. 238. London, 1827. J. Taylor.

THERE is a great deal of sweet poetry in this little volume,—snatches of song springing like wild flowers on the heath, or in the green lanes. It makes us votaries to the fine creed which in olden time esteemed the minstrel's gift "a light from heaven,"—when the young peasant, filled with his own warm feelings, with heart attuned and awakened to the natural loveliness around, pours them out in careless, untutored, but still musical song. With much at which the critic might carp—much to which the general reader will be indifferent,—there is yet in these pages what will interest and please lovers of the gentle art. For the truth of this we appeal to the following selections.

"Wanderings in June.

The season now is all delight,
Sweet smile the passing hours,
And Summer's pleasures, at their height,
Are sweet as are her flowers;
The purple morning waken'd soon,
The mid-day's gleaming din,
Gray evening with her silver moon,—
Are sweet to mingle in.

How strange a scene has come to pass
Since Summer 'gan its reign!
Spring flowers are buried in the grass,
To sleep till Spring again!
Her dew-drops Evening still receives
To gild the morning hours;
But dew-drops fall on open'd leaves,
And moisten stranger-flowers.
The artless daisies' smiling face
My wanderings find no more;
The king-cups that supplied their place,
Their golden race is o'er;
And clover-heads, with ruddy bloom,
That blossom where these fell,
Ere Autumn's fading mornings come
Shall meet their grave as well.

The open flower, the loaded bough,
The fields of spindling grain,
Were blooming then the same as now,
And so will bloom again;
When with the past my being dies,
Still summer suns shall shine,
And other eyes shall see them rise
When death has darkened mine.

Reflection, with thy mortal shrouds
When thou dost interfere,
Though all is gay, what gloomy clouds
Thy musing shadow here!
To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!

The misty clouds of purple hue
Are fading from the eye;
And ruddy streaks, which morning drew,
Have left a dappled sky;

The run has call'd the bees abroad,
Wet with the early hour,
By toiling for the honey'd load
Ere dew forsake the flower.

The woodbines, fresh with morning hours,
Are what I love to see;
The ivy-spread darksome bowers
Is where I love to be;
Left there, as when a boy, to lie
And talk to flower and tree,
And fancy in my ecstasy
Their silence as my we.

To me how sweet the whispering winds,
The woods again how sweet,—
To find the peace which freedom finds,
And from the world retreat;
To stretch beneath a spreading tree,
That far its shadow shoots,
While by its side the water free
Curls through its twisted roots.

And flowers these darksome woodlands rear,
Whose shades they yearly claim,
That Nature's wondrous mystery wear,
And bloom without a name;
What different shapes in leaves are seen
That o'er my head embower,
Clad in as many shades of green
As colours in the flower!"

"To the Cowslip.

Once more, thou flower of childish fame,
Thou meet'st the April wind;
The self-same flowers, the very same
As those I used to find.
Thy peeps, thy round with ruddy streak,
Again attract mine eye,
As they were those I used to seek
Full twenty summers by.

But I'm no more akin to thee,
A partner of the Spring;
For Time has had a hand with me,
And left an alter'd thing:
A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
And all I witness'd then,
Mix'd in a desert, far from flowers,
Among the ways of men.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
The seasons still renew;
But mine were doom'd a stinted stay,
Ah, they were short and few!
The every hour that hurried by,
To eke the passing day,
Lent restless pleasures wings to fly
Till all were flown away.

Blest flower! with Spring thy joys begun,
And no false hopes are thine;
One constant cheer of shower and sun
Makes all thy stay divine.
But my May-morning quickly fled,
And dull its noon came on;
And happiness is past and dead
Ere half that noon is gone.
Ah! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing!
Though May's sweet days are few,
Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
And bid them bloom anew.
Man's life, that bears no kin to them,
Past pleasures well may mourn;
No bud clings to its withering stem—
No hope for Spring's return."

We like the narrative parts the least: there is but little romance in vulgar life,—too much regular routine comfort in our English peasantry, to be very picturesque; and pastoral poetry partakes much, we doubt, of the general flatness of the landscape, but without its rich harvest to make the amends.

Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa. By George Thompson, Esq., eight Years a Resident at the Cape: comprising a View of the present State of the Colony, with Observations on the Progress and Prospects of the British Emigrants. 4to. pp. 493. London, 1827. Colburn.

FREQUENTLY as works relative to South Africa have come under our notice, and miserable as is the country to which they refer, we have generally found a good deal in every succeeding publication to merit our attention, inform us with regard to unknown parts, and amuse us with the details of personal adventure. Without the striking abilities of Barrow, the intelligence of Liechtenstein, or the

scientific acquirements of Burchell, the present author, a person of business and mercantile habits, has traversed large portions of the Cape, its Colonies, Caffre Land, &c. and added considerably to our stock of useful knowledge by a fair exercise of his judgment, and no want of acuteness in his capacity for remark. His volume is divided into four parts, to which an appendix is added; and the whole illustrated by a number of maps, plates, and wood-cuts. Part I. is the history of an excursion to the eastern frontier and country of the Bechuana; Part II. an excursion to the country of the Bushmen, Korannas, and Namaquas; and Part III. observations on the establishments, colonisation, and other important topics. IV. The appendix is very miscellaneous, and contains some curious and entertaining reading.

In bringing the work under notice, we shall (trusting to the remembrance of preceding *Gazettes*) pass by the preparations for the journey, and all its stages, till we arrive, chapter 6, at a deserted Griqua hamlet in the wilderness, where the narrative becomes more interesting. Here, as Mr. Thompson and his guide, Frederick, journeyed across the uninhabited desert, disappointed of meeting human beings where they had expected, the author says—

"We proceeded on our course, over extensive plains, sprinkled with numerous herds of game—quaghas, elands, gnooks, koodoos, hartebeests, gemsboks, and smaller antelopes, the movements of which helped to relieve our lonely journey. The gnook here was of a larger size, and apparently different from that on the other side of the Cradock, being of a dark blue colour, and having a black bushy tail, instead of a white one. I observed also two sorts of hartebeests. As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night; but the only tracks he could discover were those of the wild animals above mentioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses, about ten yards before me,—I following with the other two: Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld with consternation two monstrous lions reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half-opened jaws, shewing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us if these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence; while Frederick, without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters, who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them; I rode gently up to Frederick, and, desiring him to look over his shoulder, shewed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly

escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly in not speaking or evincing the least alarm while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated,—for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed; a quagga,—as it seemed to me from the hurried glance I had in passing."

At Griqua town Mr. T. found the inhabitants full of dissensions; and from it, he departed to the northward where the Matchapee Bechuana were threatened by the so often described eruption of Mantatees, and other strange and warlike tribes pouring down upon them from unheard of quarters.* At Kuruman, the present Bechuana capital, Mr. T. states—

"While we were at supper, I heard a great noise of singing and shouting in the town, which the missionaries informed me was occasioned by the celebration of a sort of festival called *Boialloa*, when all the young girls, on attaining the age of thirteen, go through certain ceremonies, after which they are admitted to the rank of women.

"We then approached the house where the ceremony of *Boialloa* was performing; and though we knew that, according to their customs, only females can be admitted, yet we ventured on asking permission to enter. After some deliberation, an old woman said, with much solemnity, 'These are gods, let them walk in.' This may convey some idea of the high estimation these people have of the superiority of the whites. Mr. Moffat stopped to reproach the woman for her expression, explaining that we were merely men, of the same flesh and blood as themselves. In this house we saw all the young damsels assembled, who were then undergoing the ceremony of the *Boialloa*, under the superintendence of several old women. Their dress was the most ridiculous imaginable, and each of them had one half of the face painted white. When they go out, they avoid as much as possible the sight of men, and each carries a long branch of thorn to keep off the rude boys."

"In the evening, we heard doleful lamentations in one part of the town, and learned that they were occasioned by the decease of a person of consequence, and that his relatives and retainers were howling their *ullalulla* over the corpse. The sound was something like 'chow! chow! chow!' reiterated continually, sometimes slowly and mournfully, and then again rapidly, with various modifications, which altogether had a wild and melancholy effect. We also heard others singing over a sick person, in a strain more mild and monotonous."

At a Peetsho or national council, the account of which is spirited and characteristic, it is resolved to march forth and meet the coming enemy. Mr. T. falls in with Arend, an independent dweller in these parts, who had deserted from slavery at the Cape seven years before,† and from him he gathers some interesting geographical as well as general information. It is stated—

"On interrogating Arend as to the possibility of proceeding through the Bechuana tribes to Delogoa Bay, he stated, that but for the

Mantatees he would willingly now have accompanied me thither, being acquainted with most of the native chiefs on the route. Not long ago he had been, he said, within a very short distance of that place. Being in want of clothing for his wife and child, he set out with the intention of going to Delogoa Bay to purchase some, but when within about a day's journey of the Portuguese settlement, he procured the goods he wanted from the natives, and returned without going farther. He gave me a piece of chintz which he procured in this manner, and which is of Indian manufacture. On this excursion, which he computed to be about ten days' easy journey, he travelled through a fine country very thickly inhabited. I requested him to detail, in regular order, the various places he had visited on this excursion, which he accordingly did to the following effect. Leaving Lattakoo, which belongs to the Matchapee tribe, and of which Levenkels is now chief, under Mateebé, he proceeded to Nokuning about eighteen miles distant. The chief of this place, Mahoomapelo, has been already mentioned. From Nokuning to the chief town of the Barolongs, he took three days. The chief or king of this tribe is called Mashow, which name Mr. Campbell has by mistake transferred to the town, calling the king, Kousie, which is not his name but his title, *kousi* signifying king or principal chief in their language. From the Barolong to the Marootzee tribe he was about five days. From thence one day brought him to Kapan, chief of the Manemagans, a very large tribe. Another day brought him to king Lasak of the Maqueens. From the residence of this chief to Delogoa Bay was two days' easy journey. The mountains in the Maqueen country, as described by him, agree with those mentioned by Captain Owen, as visible from the vicinity of Delogoa Bay."

Our countryman, pushing on with great courage, had an opportunity of seeing the advancing Mantatees, and their conduct on entering the deserted town of Old Lattakoo. So near did he and Arend approach these savages, that it seems providential they were not made prisoners. Returning hastily to Kuruman (having rode a hundred miles that day from Arend's station to beyond Old Lattakoo and back to Kuruman), with the news, the Matchapees prepared to flee, but their Griqua allies came up, and they made a successful stand. But it is not our province to dilate on these savage butcheries: Mr. T. did not stay to witness them, and with him we revisit the Colony. The route back has not sufficient novelty to tempt us to extract; and the second Part or excursion, and Part III., we must reserve for a separate review; adding in the meantime some amusing anecdotes of lion hunting, from the appendix, and a specimen of some peculiar and pretty poetry from the pen of Mr. Thomas Pringle, with several of whose compositions the volume is at once agreeably diversified and illustrated. The hunting stories, we should observe, are not altogether new, having partially appeared in the magazine with which this gentleman planted literature in South Africa. From his talents and experience, indeed, we are rather surprised that he has not himself produced a work upon the Cape—we know no one so well qualified to have conveyed much information in an agreeable and skilful manner.

"Two varieties of the lion are found in South Africa, namely, the yellow and the brown; or, (as the Dutch colonists often term the latter,) the blue or black lion. The dark-

coloured species is commonly esteemed the strongest and fiercest."

"It is said, that when the lion has once tasted human flesh, he thenceforth entirely loses his natural awe of human superiority; and it is asserted, that when he has once succeeded in snatching some unhappy wretch from a Bushman kraal, he never fails to return regularly every night in search of another meal; and often harasses them so dreadfully as to force the horde to desert their station. From apprehensions of such nocturnal attacks, some of these wretched hordes are said to be in the habit of placing their aged and infirm nearest the entrance of the cave or covert where they usually sleep, in order that the least valuable may first fall a prey, and serve as a ransom for the rest. The prodigious strength of this animal does not appear to have been over-rated. It is certain, that he can drag the heaviest with ease a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, hartebeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing upon his shoulder and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it; and a more extraordinary case, which occurred in the Sneeuwberg, has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the *speer* or track for fully five hours, by a party on horseback, and throughout the whole distance the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground."

"Poor Gert Schepers, a vee-boor of the Cradock district, was out hunting in company with a neighbour,—whose name, as he is yet alive, and has perhaps been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious. Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape would ensure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely,—and shutting his eyes at the same time, as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltroon, and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other attempt to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighbouring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continuing perfectly quiet;—and the lion-hunters affirm, that if he had but persevered a little longer, the animal would have at length relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured. Such cases, at least, they maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife, (a weapon which every back-country colonist wears sheathed at his side,) and with the utmost force of his right arm, plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful

* Our readers will recollect that an original account of this invasion from Mr. Moffat, the Missionary among the Matchapees, was first published in the *Literary Gazette*.

† This is the person, who with Cupido and others connected with him, is so much spoken of by Campbell the Missionary.

man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life—for the enraged savage, striving to grapple with him, and held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dreadfully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion who had witnessed this fearful struggle from the rock, now, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house—where such surgical aid as the neighbours could give, was immediately but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after, of a locked jaw. *

"The hero of the following story is a Hottentot of the Agter Sneeuwberg. I have forgotten his name, but he was alive two years ago, when the story was related to me at Craddock, in that neighbourhood. This man was out hunting, and perceiving an antelope feeding among some bushes, he approached in a creeping posture, and had rested his gun over an ant-hill to take a steady aim, when, observing that the creature's attention was suddenly and peculiarly excited by some object near him, he looked up and perceived with horror that an enormous lion was at that instant creeping forward and ready to spring upon himself. Before he could change his posture, and direct his aim upon this antagonist, the savage beast bounded forward, seized him with his talons, and crushed his left hand, as he endeavoured to guard him off with it, between his monstrous jaws. In this extremity, the Hottentot had the presence of mind to turn the muzzle of the gun, which he still held in his right hand, into the lion's mouth, and then drawing the trigger, shot him dead through the brain. He lost his hand, but happily escaped without farther injury.

"The following anecdote was told me by Lucas van Vuuren, a vee-boor, residing on the late Colonel Graham's farm of Lyndoch, and for two years my next neighbour at the Bavian's River. It shews that even our colonial lions, when pressed for a breakfast, will sometimes forget their usual respect for 'Christian-men,' and break through their general rule of 'let-a-be for let-a-be.' Lucas was riding across the open plains, near the Little Fish River, one morning about daybreak, and observing a lion at a distance, he endeavoured to avoid him by making a wide circuit. There were thousands of springboks scattered over the extensive flats; but the lion, from the open nature of the country, had probably been unsuccessful in hunting. Lucas soon perceived at least that he was not disposed to let him pass without farther parance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter; and being without his roer, and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the sjambok freely to his horse's flank—and galloped for life. But it was too late. The horse was fagged and bore a heavy man on his back—the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunder-bolt. In a few seconds he overtook, and springing up behind Lucas, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily, the poor boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse, to pay any immediate attention to the rider. Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the nearest house. Lucas, when he gave me the details of this adventure, made no observations on it as being any way remarkable, ex-

cept in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a 'Christian-man,' without provocation, in open day. But what chiefly vexed him in the affair, was the loss of the saddle. He returned next day with a party of friends to search for it and take vengeance on his feline foe: but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said he could excuse the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away; but the felonious abstraction of the saddle, (for which, as Lucas gravely observed, he could have no possible use), raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape."

"The following amusing story, which was related to me by some respectable farmers of the Tarka, who were present on the occasion, would make a good figure in 'The Lion's History of the Man.' A party of boors went out to hunt a lion which had carried off several cattle from the neighbourhood. They discovered him in a thicket, or jungle, such as abound in that part of the colony, and sent in a numerous pack of fierce hounds to drive him out. The lion kept his den and his temper for a long time—only striking down the dogs with his mighty paw, or snapping off a head or leg occasionally, when the brawling rabble came within his reach. But the hunters, continuing in the mean while to pepper the bush at random with slugs and bullets, at length wounded him slightly. Then rose the royal beast in wrath—and with a dreadful roar burst forth upon his foes. Regardless of a shower of balls, he bounded forward, and in an instant turned the chase upon them. All took to their horses or their heels—it was 'devil take the hindmost!' One huge fellow, of greater size than alacrity, whom we shall call *Hugo Zwaar-heupen* (or Hercules Heavy-stern), not having time to mount his horse, was left in the rear, and speedily run down by the rampant *Leeuw*. Hugo fell—not as *Lochiel*, 'with his back to the field, and his face to the foe,'—but the reverse way; and he had the prudence to lie flat and quiet as a log. The victorious *Leeuw* snuffed at him, scratched him with his paw, and then magnanimously bestriding him, sat quietly down upon his body. His routed companions, collecting in a band, took courage at length to face about; and, seeing the posture of affairs, imagined their comrade was killed, and began to concert measures for revenging him. After a short pause, however, the lion resigned of his own accord his seat of triumph, relieved his panting captive, and retreated towards the mountains. The party, on coming up, found their friend shaking his ears, unharmed from the war—except what he had suffered from a very ungentlemanly piece of conduct in the lion."

We conclude with Mr. Pringle's characteristic poem—

"The Lion and the Camelopard.

Wouldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain,
By its verdure far described
Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey.

Headless—at the ambushed brink
The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink:
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy!—The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
For the prey is strong and strives for life,—
Plunging oft, with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground;

Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste;
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need—
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking—
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er!
He falls—and with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe,
Who revels amidst his dying moans:—
While, gathering round to pick his bones,
The vultures watch in gaunt array
Till the proud monarch quails his prey."

Poetry and Poets. By Richard Ryan, author of "Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish." 3 vols. 12mo. London, Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

THIS is a complete *réchauffé*, gleaned from divers dinners and divers tables: the author has been at a feast of books, and made quite free with the pages. Altogether, however, these volumes are very gossipy and pleasant reading; the selections are, generally speaking, well made, and many of the anecdotes are amusing, if not quite new. Among the pieces said to be original, the following stanzas by a Mr. Lover, an Irish gentleman, are pretty:—

"Thoughts of Sainness.

How sad and forsaken
Is that heavy heart,
Where Hope cannot waken,
Nor Sorrow depart!
So sad and so lonely,
No inmate is there,
Save one—and that only
Is chilling Despair.

How sad is the slumber
Long sufferings bring,
Whose visions outnumber
The woes whence they spring!
Unblest such repose is,
Its waking is near,
And the eyelids uncloses
Still wet with a tear.

But though sad 'tis to weep
O'er incurable woes—
Sad the dream-disturbed sleep;
Yet far deeper than those
Is the pang of concealing
The woes of the mind
From hearts without feeling—
The gay, the unkind.

For saddest of any
Is he, of the sad,
Who must smile amongst many,
Where many are glad;
Who must join in the laughter,
When laughter goes round,
To plunge deeper after
In grief more profound.

Oh! such smiles like light shining
On ocean's cold wave,
Or the playful entwining
Of sweets o'er a grave;
And such laugh, sorrow spurning
At revelry's calls,
Like echoes returning
From lone empty halls."

One more snatch, *le voici*:—

"The following description of Bridget Brady, by her lover, Thaddeus Ruddy, a bard who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, is perhaps unique as a specimen of local simile.

She's as straight as a pine on the mountain of Kilmannon,
She's as fair as the lilies on the banks of the Shannon;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms of Drumcallan,
And her breasts gently swell like the waves of Lough
Allan;
Her eyes are as mild as the dews of Dunsany,
Her veins are as pure as the blue-bells of Slaney;
Her words are as smooth as the pebbles of Terwiny,
And her hair flows down like the streamlets of Flinny."

So much for the grave and gay, of which there is sufficient variety in these pages to make them agreeable lounging companions; but we must remonstrate against the pseudo

portrait of L. E. L. as a frontispiece to one of the volumes. It is a sheer invention, and must belong, if to any one, to some other lady. It was wrong to palm, for the sake of attraction, so gratuitous a forgery upon the public.

Adventures in the Peninsula.

[Second Notice.—Conclusion.]

WE resume our countryman's interesting narrative while he was traversing the confines of Leon.

A muleteer on the road "every now and then broke out into a stanza from a patriotic song which I had often heard, the burthen of which is, that 'General Ballasteros had got a donkey, with which he was going to fetch Ferdinand out of France; and that a soldier of the House of Bourbon is worth all the regiments of Napoleon.' The air, however, is extremely wild and original. His mules were fantastically decorated about the head with ornaments of plated metal and fur, and their tails were tied up with red and yellow ribands. The hair from the shoulders to the hinder quarters was closely shaven off, except a little which had been preserved about the tail, and which, on the one mule, was disposed into the motto of 'Viva mi amo,' (long live my master); and on the other, 'Viva Fer^{do} St' (long life to Ferdinand the VIIIth). Clipping the hair of the mules from off the back is a very general practice, and is supposed, by keeping the parts cool, to prevent the albardas or packsaddles from hurting them.

"The only object worth seeing in Palencia is the cathedral, the interior of which is in a style of simple grandeur. The form of the building is that of an oblong spheroid, the aisles rounding off at the two extremities, and meeting in the vertex of a cone. There are some tolerable paintings in the little oratories which are in the left-hand aisle as you approach the altar. Before one of these oratories a placard is suspended, announcing that the Bishop of Palencia grants forty days' indulgence to all who shall pray devoutly at this altar. In the vestry they shew you an optical illusion. They have a small picture representing a fish, a vile daub; but when you look at it through a small hole in the wainscot, it appears a striking likeness of Charles V. The inhabitants of Palencia do not exceed 3000. The French carried away all the beauty of the place who were willing to follow their fortunes. In every city I find they are liked, and are hated only in the villages. Joseph Buonaparte was reviewing his troops on the evening prior to our army entering on the following morning. They who dislike or pretend to dislike the French, have all the following nicknames for King Joseph: el potrilla, el coloso de Rosas, el siete quartas, el tio Pepe (uncle Pepy). Pepe, indeed, is the usual appellation; whence derived I cannot say, unless from the Greek *πῆπιος*, or from King Pepin. On the morning I left Palencia (being per Journal, 16th July); while waiting without the town until the troop should come up, I fell into conversation with a Spaniard, by asking him respecting some ruins which appeared at a little distance on two sugar-loaf-shaped hills in the direction of the Pisuerga river. On the one, he told me, was once a magnificent temple, dedicated to Jesus do Outeiro (Jesus of the Hill), which the French had destroyed; on the other, the remains were Moorish. The Spaniard and I becoming familiar, in consequence, as I think, of my praising the men of Castile, and their antipathy to 'los picoros' (for he was a native of Salamanca), he related, with a peculiar immobility of feature, how

snugly last year he had murdered a French officer. The Frenchman had come to his house during his absence, and proceeding to take some liberties with his wife, whom he found engaged in chopping sausages, she resented his behaviour, and struck him across the forehead with the instrument which she had in her hand. At this instant, the husband entered, and taking out his knife, gave him, as he said with an air of devilish satisfaction, five hundred stabs; and putting the body into a sack, carried it out during the night, and flung it into the Carrion. Much as I was shocked at the cold-blooded ferocity with which he told his tale, I dissembled, and pronounced him 'a good patriot.' Pleased with the approbation he received, he went on to say, that a few months before that, he had been engaged with some others in throwing poison into the well of the barrack yard, and that in consequence more than twenty soldiers were carried off. It would have been idle labour to have attempted to subvert my doughty Castilian's notions as to the right of despatching one's enemies by any means whatever. He had never heard of Grotius or Vattel; nor had he any idea that enemies should be considered as men like ourselves, whom, if we cannot subdue manfully by force of arms, we should be ashamed to destroy cowardly, and at the expense of those charities which connect all mankind.

"The Spaniards have fought better since the enemy have been driven over the Bidassoa, than they have ever done heretofore, and Lord Wellington seems to have more confidence in them. In England we say, such a one is going to pay the piper: the Spaniards, elate with the prospect of entering the fine plains of France, boast that the time is come for the French to pay 'la fiesta y el ajo,' (the feast and garlic too)."

When our forces descended upon St. Jean de Luz, the author thus paints the scene:—

"The river Neve separates us from the French, whom I see every morning at parade from the window of my garret. Our sentries and theirs can talk to each other with perfect ease; no kind of molestation being offered on either side. They come down to water their horses, and their women to wash the linen of the regiments, and we do the same. The French soldiers often endeavour to entice our fellows to desert, by sticking a piece of beef on the point of a bayonet, or by holding out a canteen, accompanying their action with, 'I say, come here! here is ver good ros-bif; here is ver good brandy.' I was much amused a few days ago with the contrasted appearance of a French and English sentinel. The centre part of the bridge over the Neve has been blown up, but the abutments on each side are still remaining. On the one you saw the French sentry with his long musket, white cap, and loose gray great-coat, slovenly thrown over his shoulders; on the other, a Highlander of the 42d regiment, in all the pomp of his national costume. They were not more than twenty yards asunder."

Of Longa and his guerillas we have an interesting story, told by the Castilian whose own feats we have already recorded.

"Longa, before the war broke out, was by trade a blacksmith and gunsmith, and excelled in it. Hostilities commencing, he raised a small band of brigantes, as they are termed, and armed them from his own manufactory. Ever since becoming a chieftain of guerillas, he has occasionally resorted to his old trade, for the purpose of furnishing his men with arms. Some time ago, he repaired to a village

near Medina, and kindled his forge; when, as he was working away, begrimed with dirt and sweat, a small party of French unexpectedly appeared before the place, and thinking they beheld only a common blacksmith at his work, addressed themselves to a woman standing with her children before the door, and asked where Longa could be found, as they had heard he was in the village. The woman, with admirable presence of mind, replied, that she believed he was quartered a good way lower down, and named the house. Thither they repaired, and Longa effected his escape. The French were not long in re-appearing, having learnt from some traitorous rascal, that the blacksmith they had seen was the guerilla chief. They now proceeded once more to question the woman, and even the little children who were with her, but such was their devotion to his person, that they all denied having seen him. The soldiers making a search, soon found the unfinished arms, which had hastily been concealed among the ashes of the forge, and, as a shocking revenge for their disappointed hopes, bayoneted the poor woman and her family, and then set fire to her house. When quartered last winter at Medina, an emissary was sent by the French to Longa, offering him 100,000 reals to betray his guerillas into their hands. Longa affected to accede to the terms, but required 25,000 to be immediately paid down as earnest-money. The emissary produced the sum, which Longa no sooner received, than he had the fellow beheaded as a traitor; for he was a Spaniard. Longa gave his country another example of what is due to a wretch who would betray it. Medina de Pomar was and still is much affected to the French. This Longa saw with patriotic concern, and watched his opportunity until he detected one of the chief inhabitants in treasonable correspondence. Upon this, he had him seized, and trying him before a drum-head court-martial, by whom he was adjudged to die, ordered the magistrates of the adjoining villages to assemble the peasantry at Medina, on a certain day, for the purpose of witnessing his execution. The day arriving, he was brought out into the Plaza, where, having his arms tied to the traces of two horses, and his legs to the traces of two others, the animals were driven off full speed at cardinal points, each tearing away a portion of his mangled carcass. A dreadful and revolting punishment, but well adapted to answer the purpose of deterring others from similar offences. The old spy, whose name was Torre, related also many instances of Longa's generosity, which beguiled the way until we came to Medina."

But we shall have done with deeds of blood, and in our few remaining quotations refer to pictures of another kind. Of Las Hermitas, in Galicia, the account is curious.

"Arriving at Chaõ de Castro, we inquired our way to Las Hermitas, which lies out of the Lugo road. We were told that it was distant one league, and that upon arriving at a group of chestnut trees, we were to strike off to the left. In this country there is scarcely any twilight: almost immediately after sunset night comes on. This was our situation. At sunset we began to descend a mountain; and by a fatality not unusual with travellers in this country, found ourselves in a deep ravine, with a river before us, and no traces of any road. Shepherds' fires were gleaming in the distance, but the river was between us and them. We had no alternative but to re-ascend, and endeavour to fall in with some road which might conduct to a village

When we regained the heights, village lights appeared on every side; but by some 'cantrip sight,' as we advanced they seemed to recede. At length, having crawled and stumbled about for upwards of two hours, as romances begin, (although it led to the end of our wanderings), we heard, a deep-toned bell; followed in the direction of the sound, and soon discovered a broad path-way. We had not descended (for we were again descending some mountain) more than a quarter of a mile, when we came to a little oratory or temple. 'Here we are,' cried I. About 200 yards farther, we came to a second, then to a third—fourth—in short, for a good mile there were nothing but temples. 'What are all these temples?' cried we to some persons standing before a group of houses, at which we had now arrived. 'They are the temples of Las Hermitas,' replied a decrepit old man who was crawling up the road we had descended, with a lighted piece of charcoal between two sticks, and which he was continually blowing with his breath, to enable him to see his way.—'The Temples of Las Hermitas!' said we, 'and where are you going at this time of night?' 'To say my prayers at the farthest temple,' replied he; 'my sins are many, and my penitence must be great—God be with you!' We bid the old penitent 'good night,' and addressed ourselves to some peasants who came out as it were to see who had arrived. 'Is this the village of Las Hermitas?' 'No! this is Loco, Hermitas is lower down.' We took one of these fellows for a guide, and after passing another little regiment of temples, arrived at our head-quarters. We were not long in finding out the house of Francisco Junqueira, a great cattle-dealer, where we solaced ourselves with a potchero of fowl, garlic, ham, and cabbage, all stewed together. On the following morning I arose with an impatience to view the place at which it had cost us so much trouble to arrive. Beneath the windows of my bed-room dashed along the Behay, a wild romantic stream, in one part clear and smooth as polished crystal; in another, broken by rocks, foaming and tumbling in waterfalls. An excellent stone bridge carries the traveller into the Orenze road; and in spite of the steepness of the mountains, which rise from the very brink of the river, the industrious Galician has forced the culture of the vine nearly to their summit. Returning from the bridge, my surprise was great at beholding, in so poor a village, the turrets of a magnificent cathedral, built about 400 years ago, as I afterwards learned, by two bishops of Astorga, and maintaining at present an administrador and four chaplains. To this cathedral and to these hermitages people come from all parts of the Peninsula. It is to many, as the temple at Mecca to the Mahometans,—the maimed, the lame, the blind, penitents, and those devoted to religion from their youth, flock hither to offer up their prayers to the Virgin. The approach to this venerable pile is through a spacious court rather fancifully paved with various-coloured pebbles. On the right-hand side of this court, beneath an arcade, are twelve wooden figures, large as life, representing the Apostles. Judas Iscariot with a bottle (bag?) in his hand, and grinning most horribly, is accommodated with a corner to himself. The Apostles are all labelled, like so many vials in an apothecary's shop. At the farther end of this arcade is a figure of our Saviour being tied to a stake by the executioner of Pilate; and the artist, in order to excite in a greater degree an abhorrence for this unjust minister of justice, has embossed his face with a pro-

digiously large and disgusting nose. While Mr. — and myself were engaged in reviewing these figures, the loud swell of the organ burst upon our ears. We passed the palisades, which are surmounted by lions rampant, and entered the church. It was the celebration of grand mass. The curtain before the Virgin was drawn up. The administrador, in gorgeous robes, was dropping his courtesies before the altar, which was illuminated with a profusion of wax tapers. Frankincense was being scattered about from silver censers, and I was in the act of persuading myself that the whole scene was very solemn and imposing, when I happened to turn my eye upon a pretty penitent, who commenced such a battery of glances, as speedily to counteract any incipient feeling towards this splendid form of devotion. After breakfast we paid a visit to the administrador. Upon entering the hall, our attention was drawn towards an old-fashioned kind of arm-chair suspended from the end of a pair of steel-yards; and we were soon given to understand that the offerings to the Virgin were regulated by the weight of the penitents. A lively girl informed us that her penitence had cost her 4½ arrobas of wheat; that is, she weighed about 144lbs. avoirdupois. The administrador was a good sort of old bigot, and, while we were sipping his chocolate, entertained us with a rich variety of miracles which had been performed by our 'Lady of the Hermitages,' and with an account of the number of distinguished persons who had visited and enriched her shrine, and of the extraordinary cures which had been vouchsafed to her suppliants.

In Biscoa (the author mentions) "the Paysego women were in full force; and as I am so near that part of the country which gives birth to these rural divinities, it will be proper to send you some account of them. From inhabiting the mountains of Pas, and some others contiguous to these in the Escudo chain, they take the name of Paysegos. It is only in the coldest parts of Spain, and chiefly in these mountains of the northern coasts, and in Galicia, that they are able to churn butter. The mild temperature of the district, and the excellent pasturage with which it abounds, enables them to supply nearly one-sixth part of all Spain with this commodity. You meet with these carrier-women in Madrid, Segovia, and even Valencia and Andalusia. Their articles of traffic are not restricted to butter alone, but to salt fish, Sardinias, and the pickled bonito or tunny. Their dress generally consists of a yellow sencer and short petticoat of brown stuff, reaching no lower than the knee, and disclosing legs, which it would puzzle one to determine whether they were thickest at the calf or the ankle; and, to set them off to still greater advantage, these nymphs of Pas endue them with blue or brown stockings, with splendid red or yellow clocks. Their shoes are often nothing but pieces of goat-skin tied about the feet. These women carry two baskets strapped behind them like a soldier's knapsack. The lower basket is in the shape of a funnel, the point of which reaches nearly to their heels; on the top of this is placed an oblong basket, the ends of which protrude beyond their shoulders. These baskets when filled weigh four arrobas, equal to 128lbs.; and beneath this load the women walk, nearly bent double, at the rate of three miles an hour, and often make a day's journey of six or seven leagues. So accustomed are they to this load, that they seem to travel as well with it as without it; for when they return with empty baskets, they make neither longer journeys, nor walk at a quicker rate,

but continue tramping along in the same incurvated position of body. I have met with women who certainly could not have seen fewer than sixty years, outstrip my horse in ascending a hill, and girls of ten or twelve years of age, breaking in to the profession, under a load which would soon tire a London porter. They travel in troops of thirty or forty, and you meet with them on all the high roads.

"Our next stage was Tolosa, a fine old town, considered the capital of Guipuscoa, and situate in the centre of a beautiful and picturesque country. The peasantry here have a method of turning up the soil which I have nowhere else seen or heard of. The instrument of husbandry to which I allude, is a fork consisting of two prongs, in figure and proportion like a small h, the handle being about one-half longer than the prong. Each man or woman is furnished with two of these implements, and standing generally three abreast, force them into the soil at the same time, and leaning back, tear up a ridge of land as effectually as the plough would have done: a fourth person follows with a hoe, whose business it is to break the clods. The scarcity of cattle in this part of Spain has no doubt put them upon this invention; but they are, however, enabled by it to cultivate spots where no oxen could have ploughed."

Among other matters, we have a number of antiquarian, topographical, and literary notices in this miscellaneous volume, with two of the shortest of which we shall conclude this paper.

"Braga is situated in a beautiful and broad valley, well clothed with cork-trees and orange-orchards. It has a cathedral; and a little without the town there is the church monastery of St. Fructuoso. The escrivano of the place pointed out some few antiquities which he said were the remains of a temple dedicated to Isis, which is very probable, as this was the Augusta Braccarum of the Romans, and we know how prevalent the Egyptian superstition was, both at Rome and in its colonies. The Portuguese historian, Manoel Faria de Sousa, has recorded a very delicate and classical inscription found here in his time, which I think you must admire:—

Aspic, quàm subito marcescunt floruit ante!
Aspic, quàm subito quod aeterni ante, cadit! —
Nascentes moritur, flauisque ab origine pendit,
Ipasque vita sua semina mortis habet."

"The execration which the muleteers of Spain and Portugal use to drive on their beasts, or to scold them for misdemeanour, strongly savours of its oriental origin. They say, 'Arra Mulo!' or 'Arraiva Mulo!' with a peculiar guttural drawling out of the *camine rrs*. The origin of the word is doubtless the Hebrew *אָרַר*, 'execratus est,' but properly 'propellere, abigere,' from the Arabic *ا*, according to Schultens. Arraiva! is used as a general execration. From this root is also the Greek *ἀρά*, 'a curse,' which seems to have had a peculiar efficacy in cattle-driving even in Homer's time. See his description of the horses of Æacides, where we find

Παλλὰ δὲ μολιχέειν προσηύδα, σάλλε δ' ἀείρει.
Iliad, p. 431.

May not the word *aroint* used by the witches in Shakspeare, come from the same source, viz. *אָרַר*, first person perfect of the verb *אָרַר*, 'I curse'? If this conjecture is not admissible, it is perhaps as near the mark as its derivation from a rown-tree, and some others which have been given."

There we take leave of our entertaining

countryman, whose work has supplied us, and will supply our readers, with a few hours' most delectable recreation.

The Living and the Dead.

AGREEABLY to our promise, we now give the conclusion of our review of this volume; resuming the literary melange where we left off on Saturday fortnight.

"Mrs. Ibbotson made her appearance amongst us last evening, and, I regret to say, for the last time. She entered the drawing-room about nine, with a sheet of paper in her hand: 'Mrs. Bradbury, I believe you collect autographs: here is one of Washington Irving;—he writes the best English of any man I know.—Hall, of Leicester, excepted—and a most entertaining creature he is.' 'He is a friend of yours?' 'No, I cannot boast even of his personal acquaintance; but I have met him more than once in general society; and when you can succeed in drawing him out, I know not a more delightful companion.' 'Come, describe him to us,' said Barbara. 'I'll attempt it. He is a very well-dressed, good-humoured looking man; if not handsome, at least very prepossessing in appearance, though his countenance has not that intellectual expression which his writings would lead one to expect. The most remarkable feature is his eye; it is large and full, with a very soft, dreamy expression—a look of indolent repose in it, which strikes one at first sight very forcibly. I scanned it, and fancied that Mr. Irving could never be accused of early rising; and I half suspected that he admired Gray's description of Paradise, 'to lie on a sofa and read new novels.' But with all this, he possesses a keen perception of the ludicrous; and if any object or phrase presents itself which excites this feeling, his eye lights up with astonishing brilliancy; the dreamy, dozing look gives way to an expression of wit and humour, of talent and irresistible mirth,—it is not ill-natured enough for satire,—which makes one ready to laugh with him. Of this I had an opportunity of judging for myself the very last evening I had the good fortune to meet him. It was at a friend's house. Among the party was Mr. Martin—Belshazzar Martin, I call him—you've seen, of course, the splendid picture which entitles him to the epithet; a Mr. Hudson, a young miniature painter of very promising talents, a nephew of Mrs. Laurie, of Lincoln; and a Miss—I won't give her name—a most delightful old maid. I call her delightful, because her dress, manner, topics, style of conversation, and mode of proceeding, were beyond measure droll and diverting. She was attired in a pea-green silk frock, with a flaming orange turban, in which waved to and fro, in a most lugubrious manner, a single white ostrich feather; her shoes were a light crimson, and her saah Waterlloo blue. Her eyes were black, and rolled about with a very roguish leer; her figure that of a scarecrow. She looked as if, in her youth, all the world had turned up her nose at her, and now, as if she turned up her nose at all the world! She couldn't, for her life, sound an *r* or a *w*, so she said, she '*wang the bell four times*,' and asked '*quat as that?*' Before she made her appearance, Mr. Irving seemed dreamy and stupid, but the moment he caught a glimpse of this delicious creature, his eye flashed—not fire—but fun. He seemed actually to devour her. I think I overheard him ask Martin if he could, with a pencil and card, make a little sketch of her—she was 'a gem of the purest water'—and I fancy Martin shyly did so. She, meanwhile, was prodigal of

her smiles and antics, flattering herself she had made a conquest, and by no means insensible to the éclat of having captivated the author of the Sketch Book; while his eyes, carefully attendant to all her movements, twinkled with a degree of mirth that was quite infectious. 'I see how the game goes,' said I to Mr. Hudson; 'that unfortunate Miss—Irving is sketching her off from life!' 'Sketching her, Madam? He has taken her away piecemeal—limb by limb—and he'll shew her up the first opportunity!' 'He writes a wretched hand, however,' said the lofty Mrs. Floyer. 'Admirable, you mean.' 'Pray did you ever see Jeffray's scrawl, or the pothooks of Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow?' 'Never.' 'Then you are no judge of the beauties or varieties of human writing. I've had a note from the latter lying by me these three years, and I've never been able to decipher it yet, nor have I ever met with a being who could. I shewed it to Professor Lee, as Arabic, written to me by the celebrated Mirza Seid Moorshehabad, of Isphahan! He said at once, 'I can make neither head nor tail of it. But pray, Madam, preserve it; it's a very great curiosity.' As to little Jeffray's calligraphy, you shall hear what Mr. Willison, of Edinburgh, said to me respecting it. But stop—I must tell the story in my own way. I was at Modern Athens in the autumn of 1818, and being known to Mr. Constable, was asked more than once to his house. In particular, I remember meeting, at dinner, in Park Place, a number of literary men, and among the rest Professor Leslie and Francis Jeffray. Of the Professor, I am ashamed to say, I did not think much. He might be an adept in natural philosophy, and I dare say he was, and conversant with science in general, but most assuredly the only science with which he betrayed any acquaintance on that occasion was the science of good eating! He laughed, and crammed, and seemed particularly intent on getting his own share of the dainties before him; but not one single observation did he drop which might not have been uttered by the most common-place turtle-eating alderman. As to Jeffray, I never heard a man talk so fast, or woman either; the rapidity with which, after dinner, one idea followed another, (he said little before, and looked fagged and jaded,) was to me, who then saw him for the first time, matter of pure amazement. But though he talks ably and fluently, he does not talk pleasantly; there is a dash of conceit and arrogance in his manner—a bitterness and sarcasm in his tone of feeling—which will not stand the test of reflection; there is not an atom of repose about him. In person, he is a little, thin, spare, acute-looking man, with a penetrating eye, and, take it altogether, a most unpleasant countenance. One listens to his conversation, and looks at his saturnine complexion, and fancies that there is redundancy of bile both in his moral and physical constitution; and feels persuaded that a few more grains of self-knowledge would be as beneficial to the one, as six weeks' residence at Cheltenham would be to the other. The most extraordinary thing about him is the rapidity with which he catches, comprehends, and answers your ideas; long before I had finished my sentence, and often when a few words only had escaped me, he had anticipated my reply, and had advanced half way in his rejoinder! This happened again and again, and I was comforted by observing, to others as well as to myself. Yet after all, gifted as he is, his powers, great as they are, do not leave a pleasing impression on the mind. The head may be all wisdom, the heart all gall! The

compass and versatility of his attainments—the point and power of his conversation—the brilliancy of his sallies—and the bitterness of his invective—all fail to disguise the melancholy truth that *Jeffray is a disappointed man*. True, his sneer is withering—his sarcasm cutting—let him pride himself on both; there is no peace or harmony within! A day or two afterwards, I met, in a smaller circle, at Park Place, old Mr. David Willison, father-in-law to Constable, and printer of the *Edinburgh Review* from its commencement. He was one of the most intelligent, amusing old men I ever met with. Strange that the printer of the *Edinburgh Review* should be a staunch Tory! 'Ah,' says he, 'I've preserved my principles. I've pioneered all their abominations through the press; but my politics are my own! I say nothing agen their lucubrations on science and belles lettres; but the Lord preserve me from their opinions on religion and politics! Eh, sirs, they are blind guides.' I turned the conversation on Jeffray. 'Jeffray! he's worse than them all put together. Money and money's the time I thought that moon would have driven me daft. Oh, I know him well. I've had more to do with him than was ever agreeable to me! Did you ever see his writing? Of all the pothooks—Lord save us, a cookmaid could have written better with a skewer! He's often sent me sheets which were actually illegible—a mass of mere up and down strokes—I could have wept to look at them! Perhaps I could make out the first letter—say it was a *p*—well, then, all the rest was a matter of guess work; and whether it was particular, or praiseworthy, or professional, or party spirit, or periwinkle, I had to conjecture from the context. Surely never man made such a *g*, *l*, and *p*, as he does! And then the cantrips which his highness would occasionally play up! Often when I had got a whole Number in type, he would come down, cancel three or four articles, and leave me as many fresh ones in their place. And times beyond number he has presented himself to me, seen the proof of a long and difficult article, and altered and remodelled every line of it! And then if we made a mistake or two more than ordinary, he would fume, and rage, and fret, and talk of his time and our stupidity, as if his writing was copperplate! I've often said to Mr. Constable, Jeffray will drive me demented at last; and if ever I'm put into a madhouse, see that he pays the charge o't.' 'But why didn't Constable interfere?' 'Constable interfere! save ye: where's the human being that Jeffray would bear a word from? Constable has less influence with him than you or any creature would suppose. Often and often, when he would willingly have had a particular work reviewed, or an article upon some passing topic, he could not for his life and soul get it. He once asked Jeffray, point blank, to oblige him in this way; but he never repeated the experiment. The case was this: Constable had given Walter Scott a very considerable sum for his edition of Swift's works. It sold slowly; and my son-in-law intimated an urgent wish to Jeffray that an article should appear in the next Number of the *Edinburgh*. Jeffray himself reviewed it; and in such a strain of unexampled severity, that he nearly damned the affair altogether. Swift's character,—personal, literary, political,—he made mince-meat of it! Again: when Maturin's novel of *Women*, or *Pour et Contre*, came out, Walter Scott, Maturin's private and particular friend, wrote a very favourable review of it. As written by Scott, Jeffray gladly admitted it into the *Review*: its tone was

highly favourable; but when it appeared in print, such was the cutting and maiming to which it had been subjected, that Mr. Scott could hardly recognise his own article! Scott's a noble fellow," said the old printer: "he's one of the most generous, open-hearted men that ever breathed. Ay, he's on the right side, too"—and he sipped his glass. "Mrs. Ibbotson, by your leave, we'll drink his very good health." Good, excellent old man, I never saw him again. "Mrs. Ibbotson," said four or five in a breath, "did you hear any thing as to the author of Waverley—it is Scott?" "I can only tell you this—that there appeared to me to be more cordiality, more unreserved frankness, greater intimacy, and a better understanding existing between Mr. Scott and Mr. Constable than between him and any other literateur whom I saw in Park Place. And his welcome—(though Constable was always most hospitable, and to men of letters liberal even to munificence)—I thought—or fancied—was warmer." "Did you ever mention the subject to Mr. Constable?" "Yes; once I asked him, what were the circumstances which led to the publication of the first of the Waverley novels; as till that time he had not introduced to the world many prose works of fiction?" He said, "No, I had not; but I read it, and so sure was I that it would sell, that I offered the author seven hundred and fifty pounds for the copyright. This he—viewing it in the light of an experiment, and diffident as to its success—said was too much; and for the present, at least, would only take part of it." This, if my memory is not unusually treacherous, is the sum and substance of all that I could learn from Mr. Constable respecting it."

Here we close. The authorship of the Waverley Novels is no longer a mystery, but still all that relates to these extraordinary productions possesses great interest, and therefore we have exhausted all Mrs. Ibbotson's real or pretended knowledge. In conclusion, we would commend the simple and touching tale *All is well* to our readers; if not hard of heart, it must beguile them of their tears.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Spectator; corrected from the Originals. With a new Biographical Preface. By N. Ogle, Esq. 8 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Whittaker.

It is with pleasure that we see in a new, commodious, cheap, and attractive form, a work which is destined to please and instruct as long as the English language lasts. The *Spectator* with an excellent original preface, replete with information;—an index to the writers of the various papers;—portraits;—illustrative notes; and, in short, every thing which can make an edition popular, is a work which we cannot recommend more highly than it deserves. Mr. Ogle has acquitted himself of his undertaking in a most satisfactory manner; and at a period when so many efforts are making to spend the pleasures of literature and knowledge among all classes of the people, it is not one of the least to offer them the wisdom, observation of the world, and inculcation of virtue, which charmed our forefathers in this early specimen of periodical writers, at a moderate cost.

Selection from the Papers of Addison in the Spectator and Guardian, for the use of Young Persons. By the Rev. E. Berens, M.A. 12mo. pp. 300. London, 1827. Rivingtons. We have to express our cordial approbation of this little volume. For all those classes which

look to such sources for instruction as parochial libraries it is an excellent book, and is likely to inculcate valuable lessons of morality and piety. We cannot say, however, that we admire the practice of striking out parts which are thought to be above the comprehension of the readers to whom certain publications are more particularly addressed. In original writing it may be well to tone down the style and sentiments to the proper level; but in selecting from earlier authorities, it appears to us to be better to leave them unchanged, and take the chance that humbler minds may climb up to their meaning.

La Divina Comedia de Dante Alighieri, &c. Pietro Cicchetti. 18mo. pp. 602. Londra, 1827. Arnold.

This is a very neat and correct pocket edition of Dante, "*con nuovi argomenti*," as no Italian ever published Dante without; and with the voluminous notes of other editors ably abridged. It is a capital class book for Italian students.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, as part of the course adopted by this Institution, Mr. Vigors commenced a series of weekly lectures at the rooms in Bruton Street. The auditors were not numerous, but almost every individual present might be distinguished, as publicly known, from his rank, &c. or scientific pursuits. The discourse was elementary in its character—very perspicuous, delivered with unaffected simplicity, and replete with interesting information. After paying a due tribute to the labours of Linnaeus, who rescued natural history from its chaotic state, and gave it form and proportions, Mr. Vigors pointed out the imperfections which attended that great philosopher's mode of grouping, especially as new discoveries accumulated; and described a later and more perfect order of classification. By this, instead of entirely separate and not well-defined groups, the species were divided into five grand classes, not only distinguished from, but holding affinities with each other; so that the five circles, it might be said, resolved into a connecting and common centre. On the present occasion he merely pointed out the discriminating features: 1. The aquatic bird—2. The wading bird—3. The land bird, *galinaceous*, which feeds on the ground and the earth's produce—4. The land bird, *perching*, whose habits and food are to be found in trees—and 5. The birds of prey, whose element is the air. A duck, a heron, a hen, a crow, and a hawk, will exemplify these divisions. Nature has fitted each for its peculiar mode of life. The oceanic species are web-footed, for swimming;—their legs are placed far back, to enable them to dive;—their feathers are impregnated with an oil, secreted from their bodies, to prevent the water from penetrating or disordering them. The waders have extremely long and spread-out toes, to cover much of the soft ground where they seek nourishment, and hinder them from sinking; their legs are also very long, as are their necks and beaks, so that they can seek their food in marshy soils in the best possible manner; and it is finely provided, further, for the same purposes, that they are by nearly a third specifically lighter than other birds. The species which depend upon the earth for sustenance are remarkable for the strength of their feet for scratching, and for the want, imperfect development, or elevated position of the hinder claw, which is not necessary to

their habits. Perching birds, on the contrary, require this member to enable them to lay hold of branches, &c., and they have it. They are besides altogether the superior class of the feathered creation, and possess voice and other qualities which rank them with Mammalia. The fifth division are equally provided for their natural pursuits:—while many water fowl have wings little more than fins, theirs are powerful and extended; their talons are made for force and tearing asunder, and their internal economy is in unison with their career of prey. This principle, indeed, is identical with all; but the bird which feeds on the ground possesses (though not perfectly) all the qualities of the other kinds, and, in addition, some of its own—it can wade, perch, fly, digest all sorts of food, &c. &c.

We have very loosely sketched Mr. Vigors' able exposition; but though it cannot explain, it may indicate his lecture; and our wish is to attract the pabulum to support what we think likely to be nationally useful—popularity, without which the best of designs and institutions must, in this country, languish and fail.

We observed a few living birds in the rooms, chiefly of the parrot tribe. There was, however, a very curious small Toucan, with whose evolutions we were much pleased. He is less than a jay; black, with singular blue eyes, and red and yellow at the throat and tail. He seemed to be a fellow of great vivacity; washed, pruned his feathers, fed, and leapt about in a peculiar manner. His toilet, indeed, was rather amusing, and his action novel.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

26th day, 15 hrs. 2 min. 30 sec. The sun will be eclipsed, invisible to the British Isles; this will be what is termed an annular eclipse, the apparent diameter of the sun exceeding that of the moon's 1' 49.8", the half of which quantity will be equal to the breadth of a bright ring, which for a short time will surround the dark orb of the moon: the eclipse will be visible to the northern parts of Europe, Spitzbergen, and the eastern coast of Greenland, and it is not improbable that our adventurous countrymen under Captain Parry may have attained a sufficiently high latitude to witness this beautiful and interesting phenomenon. When an eclipse occurs at the time the moon's diameter is less than the sun's, no part of the earth is involved in the dark shadow, but in the penumbra only, the cone of darkness terminating before it reaches the earth; when the diameter of the two orbs are coincident, the vertex of the cone just touches the earth; even when the sun's diameter is at its minimum, and the moon's at its maximum, the shadow never extends far beyond the earth, or occupies a space greater than 180 miles in diameter, within which there is total darkness; the progress of this spot over the various tracks of the earth, has been fitly compared to the shadow of a passing cloud. It is somewhat singular that we owe many interesting particulars relative to solar eclipses, to the curiosity of one of the kings of France, who wished very much to witness an annular eclipse; the astronomers of that period were employed in the requisite calculations, which (however unsatisfactory to the monarch, it appearing that none would occur visible in Paris till the year 1847), were beneficial to the science, by eliciting many particulars relative to this branch of astronomy.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D. H. M.
☾ First Quarter, in Gemini . . .	4 2 26
☾ Full Moon, in Virgo . . .	11 11 23
☾ Last Quarter, in Capricornus . . .	18 3 19
☾ New Moon, in Aries . . .	25 15 2

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Gemini	2	22	30
Jupiter in Virgo	10	13	15
Venus in Aquarius	22	1	0
Mercury in Pisces	23	13	10
Mars in Aries	27	14	0
Saturn in Gemini	30	10	15

5th day, 6 hrs. 45 min. Mercury in his inferior conjunction.

10th day. Venus 8 digits east illuminated, apparent diameter 17": this planet continues the morning star.

12th day, 5 hrs. Mars in conjunction with 3 Arietis.

Jupiter passes the meridian, 1st day, 11 hrs. 54 min., 13th day, 11 hrs. 5 min., 25th day, 10 hrs. 15 min. respectively.

9th day, 10 hrs. In conjunction with 7 Virginis.

The satellites of the solar system, with the exception of those of Jupiter, are of no practical use, those of Saturn and Uranus being too remote for observation, except with powerful instruments. The eclipses are useful in determining the longitude of places where not much accuracy is required; for if the observer be furnished with a good telescope and chronometer, he may obtain, relative to the first satellite of Jupiter, a result within 30" or 40" of the truth, those of the fourth being doubtful to 4'. This uncertainty arises from the difficulty that exists in noting the precise time of the emergence: observers in the same apartment, with different telescopes will frequently vary in the time to the amount of several seconds. This method of ascertaining the longitude of places on land, is frequently used on account of its facility and expedition.

Emergences of the First Satellite of Jupiter.

D.	H.	M.	S.
2	15	5	38
4	9	34	5
11	11	30	4
16	13	22	9
20	7	20	42
25	15	16	19
27	9	44	53

Saturn sets, 1st day, 1 hr. 34 min., 13th day, 54 min., 25th day, 13 min. respectively. 14th day, 9 hrs. this planet will pass near to 3 Gemini; it made a close appulse to the same star 14th January last, in the present instance it will be 17 min. north of the star. The surface of Saturn, like that of Jupiter, is diversified by dark spots and belts; five of the latter have sometimes been observed, three of which were dark, and two bright, the dark ones having a yellowish tinge, and covering a larger portion of the disc of the planet, than those of Jupiter. The fifth satellite appears of a different nature to the others of the Saturnian system; when at its western elongation from the primary, its brilliancy surpasses all the others (excepting the fourth); as it approaches towards its eastern elongation, this splendour diminishes, till the satellite becomes invisible: from this, it is inferred, that like the earth's satellite it revolves on its axis in the same time that it performs its course in its orbit, and that it has on its surface dark regions, which are unfavourable to the reflection of the sun's light.

18th day, 11 hrs. 16 min. Uranus in quadrature, and gradually gaining on the midnight sky; it still continues, and will for a considerable time, in Sagittarius, not, however, near any remarkable star to indicate it.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Among the novel inventions on the table at the evening meeting last week, we observed a method of perforating metallic plates so as to fit them for wine-strain-

ers, sieves, skimmers, stable-lanterns, &c. of a superior kind to those now in use. We have not the specification; but observe, that by this process every aperture is precisely of the same size, and, whether larger or smaller, formed with mathematical precision. The plates look very well; and where straining demands much nicety, we are of opinion, that the new is preferable to the old mode. A model of a steam-engine was also exhibited, but, owing to the crowd, we could not get near enough to examine it.

The lecture was delivered by Mr. Reinagle, R.A. on the *Oval*; and he illustrated the perfection of this figure, in an interesting manner, from Etruscan vases, and other admirable works of art. With considerable originality and great talent, this lecture displayed a good deal of fancifulness, and was (for the occasion) much too long—viz. an hour and a half.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 24.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. Strubbs, Fellow of Corpus College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Bingham, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. Harman, Queen's College; J. Horndon, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—The Right Hon. P. H. Viscount Mahon, T. Gladstone, W. J. Blake, Christ Church; C. D. Bevan, Balliol College; J. Horne, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 24.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficient in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Wednesday last adjudged to Mr. B. H. Kennedy, of St. John's, and Mr. V. F. Hovenden, of Trinity College.

At a congregation on Tuesday last, E. St. Aubyn, Esq. of Trinity College, was admitted Master of Arts.

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year, is *The Marriage at Cana in Galilee*.

FINE ARTS:—ORIGINAL.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

Lucius à non lucendo;—we place this paper under the title original, because it goes to show that there is little original in what we have for the last ten or fifteen years been led to call the new improvements of the metropolis. In a recent Number of the *Quarterly Review*, a writer upon this subject mentioned a scarce book, which, as he truly observed, had anticipated nearly all those alterations which have lately been carried into effect, without a hint that they had ever been thought of before our day. This scarce book, owing to the kindness of a gentleman whose taste for Literature and the Fine Arts ranks him very high among the promoters of the one and the patrons of the other, is now in our possession; and we cannot help thinking that a better acquaintance with its contents will be acceptable to our readers. The title is, "*London and Westminster Improved, illustrated by Plans*. To which is prefixed a Discourse on Public Magnificence," &c. &c. "By John Gwynn. Sold by Mr. Doddsley, and at Mr. Dalton's Print-Warehouse in Pall Mall, Mr. Bathoe in the Strand, Mr. Davies in Russel Street, Covent Garden, and by Mr. Longman in Pater-noster-Row. MDCCCLXVI." or fifty years ago. It is in quarto, 132 pages, with four engraved plans.

This volume is altogether a curious one; but we must confine ourselves to those parts of it which most strikingly bear upon the old novelties of our modern improvements—which afford decided proof, that if there can be any

thing new under the sun, these alterations, certainly, do not claim the palm. Referring to the well-known rejection of Sir Christopher Wren's grand plan for re-edifying London in 1666, Mr. Gwynn contends, that, notwithstanding that unfortunate decision, much might yet be done for the advantage and ornament of the capital. He declares Middle Row, Holborn, to be, what it continues to be, a detestable nuisance, and proposes the continuation of Holborn in a direct line to Oxford Street,—a measure still much to be desired. He next advocates the removal of Smithfield, and great changes, if not the entire removal, of Fleet Market; both plans now pursuing by other men, who, as seems to be the case with all who borrow his ideas, make no allusion whatever to our worthy authority, John Gwynn, architect.

But this will be more apparent if we travel westward, where the greatest changes have been carried into execution, and where, as in the east, the name of John Gwynn has never been whispered.*

In the first place we discover Waterloo Bridge, which the author designated St. George's Bridge, and says it should be "from the Savoy across the river Thames, which is nearly the centre between those of Black-Fryers and Westminster." On the Surrey side he would have "three direct lines, viz. one to Black-Fryers Bridge, another to Newington Church, and a third to Westminster-Bridge. Quays are also formed from bridge to bridge, on both sides of the Thames [what says Col. Trench's new plan to this ancient proposition?], and by this means the communication of the banks of the river is kept open, so that carriages and foot passengers may proceed on their business safely without interruption." (Truly there is nothing new under the sun.) Again, on the Strand side, Mr. Gwynn proposes a semicircular opening at the entrance of the bridge (it is quadrangular), to remove Exeter 'Change, and to carry one street directly up through Charles Street, Bow Street, and so on to the north, exactly as is at present agitated, and we hope likely to be accomplished, by a living improver! Proceeding westward along the Strand, Mr. G. widens it from Exeter 'Change to Southampton Street: another of our modern inventions! and this brings him, his successors, and us, to Charing Cross and the Mews, where we are equally surprised to discover the unnoticed origin of almost all the improvements now in progress.

"The Royal Stables at the Meuse (he states) being inconveniently situated, it is supposed that a more suitable spot might be found for that purpose, and a square of elegant houses is laid down in the plan in its place, which might with great propriety be called King's Square, and a statue of His Majesty be erected in the centre," (so that even down to the minutiae of the statue this plan has been copied without any acknowledgment).—"A street of seventy feet in width is opened opposite to St. Martin's Church (which is the width of the portico), giving a noble view of the front, and on the west side of the square another street of the same dimensions which runs into Whitcomb Street," &c. "The end of Pall Mall next the Haymarket is widened, and from the proposed opening from the Haymarket into the Park, all that side of Pall Mall next the Park is thrown into one regular grand range of buildings, &c. Here we may observe, that by substituting Regent Street for what Mr. Gwynn

* We may add, that the building of squares, &c. on the site of Moorfields (which has since been done), and the removal of London Bridge (now doing), and many other similar things, are described and recommended by Mr. Gwynn.

planned to do with the *Haymarket*, not only every thing that has been done, but all that we have yet heard proposed to be done, will be found laid down in this book fifty years ago. He says, "the *Haymarket* is continued to St. James's Park, where a triumphal arch [Mr. Nash is going to put a fountain composed of the portico pillars of Carlton Palace] may be erected as a termination to the view, and make a noble entrance." At the other end, instead of Regent Street, bounded as it is by the abrupt and ugly Insurance Office, the original design is thus described:—"A street is opened from the top of the *Haymarket*, of the same width, and continued to Oxford Street, opposite to Winslow Street, which is also continued," &c. "to the New Road"!!!

It is not our intention to be minutely particular in shewing how completely Mr. Gwynn's plans have been followed, without, in our opinion, a fair and honest acknowledgment of the source whence the designs have been taken. A few more instances will suffice to restore to the dead some of the laurels usurped by the living. A street from Whitehall to the Thames opposite the Admiralty is recommended (p. 89)—it has been opened, and Scotland Yard improved agreeably to Mr. Gwynn's suggestions. The same remark applies to the recent alterations in Privy Gardens. The line of street opposite Northumberland House, widening St. Martin's Lane, and running up to Bloomsbury, is distinctly chalked out (p. 92) as now about to be carried into effect. The desirable and much-wished-for alterations by which a wide street, or wide streets, would have run from St. Martin's Lane, across Leicester Square, into Piccadilly, are carefully laid down by this writer. Unfortunately for the public convenience and the improvement of the capital, this portion of the plan, though it might have been readily executed along with the rest at the present time, is defeated by the re-erection of the paltry alley houses and narrow streets on the estate of the Marquis of Salisbury. We cannot believe but that a candid representation on the subject to that nobleman, would have induced him to sacrifice some private interest (if that would have been the result) to the general feeling, the beautification and the comfort of the metropolis. As it is, we may note with the author, that a carriage from Coventry Street into Long Acre must still (the more's the pity) make six right angles, and into Covent Garden no fewer than eight—all which hazard, difficulty, and lengthening of the way, might have been amended by a fine street, where Lord Salisbury's agents are now building fourth-rate houses in Cranbourn Alley, Bear Street, and other equally confined and shabby places. A line of street in this direction, parallel to the Strand, and crossing the projected streets northward from Northumberland House and Waterloo Bridge, is as much to be desired as any one of the projected improvements in London; and every inhabitant of this great city must regret to see it thus prevented.* But to return to Gwynn—the widening of Hemmings' Row, Chandos Street, and Maiden Lane, about to be effected, is his at p. 94.—If we march further west, we find him declaring, that *Hyde Park Corner* would necessarily require some improvements, and therefore it would be proper to erect a grand triumphal arch between the two Parks!! &c.

* The continuation of a line from Queen Street Lincoln's Inn Fields, by Long Acre, Newport Street and Market, &c. into Coventry Street, (crossing all the new streets running from the river northward,) would be an easy and important improvement.

In St. James's Park, in front of the Palace, he advises "an equestrian statue or group of figures;" (the trophy which is to be erected)—"a spacious street to be carried round the Park" (it is to be a terrace);—and that the Park should be ornamentally laid out and planted; (the very plan we mentioned as being resolved on, about a month ago). For Hyde Park, he observes that a railing or Ha-ha would be infinitely preferable to the high brick walls; which we have seen taken away, and a railing advantageously substituted.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable part of this remarkable storehouse, out of which so many of our contemporary architects have borrowed their original inventions, is a passage relating to the external appearance of buildings. "As the building with stone is so very expensive in this metropolis (says Mr. Gwynn, surveying in his mind's eye the numerous new streets, &c. which his taste had conjured into being), it is to be lamented that encouragement is not given to some ingenious person to find out a stucco or composition resembling stone, more durable than the common sort, and in which exterior ornaments might be easily wrought at a very easy expense." By a strange coincidence, such a composition has been found out; and at the very period we see the author's actual designs executing in every quarter, we see employed upon them the material, cement, which he so prophetically hoped might be discovered to adorn them!

We have no space to prolong this paper, and must therefore content ourselves with stating, that a multitude of other improvements (some of them excellent, and others either not so desirable at any time, or rendered inexpedient by subsequent changes) are suggested by Mr. Gwynn, upon which we have not thought it necessary to touch. What we have brought under remark is with no intention to depreciate the talents of our contemporary artists; but, in truth, while we cannot walk abroad without observing so many childish and experimental architectural antics displaying in every corner of London, we considered it to be the duty of the *Literary Gazette*, as taking cognizance of such matters, to restore some of his feathers to an ancient bird, though it rather lightened the plumage of several modern fowls, so that every one should stand before the public in a genuine form. It cannot be denied, that the bizarre caprices and extravagancies which disfigure the practice of architecture amongst us, at this era when we are really endeavouring to improve the appearance of the metropolis so much, are much to be lamented: for it must be many years before so grand an opportunity to do what is truly beautiful and excellent in the science, can occur again. At present, if we contemplate the novelties either just finished or in progress, the impression is pitiable. Most of them are like children's tricks; none of them like the productions of a high branch of art, established upon certain, great, and understood principles. Back-door triumphal arches, palaces crushed into the earth by their ponderous garrets, churches grotesque and theatrical, theatres solemnly heavy, club-houses of as many orders in one as there are members, public offices departing so desperately from all rules without that it is to be prayed they may be the very reverse within, ornamental fountains as ugly as could be devised, chapels light and fantastic, and dwelling-houses dismal and dark—such are the erections which too generally offend sound taste and judgment in scanning the modern improvements of London. There is no fixed, leading, or directing princi-

ple: every builder has his own vagary; and all our comfort is, that the streets are at least widened, better lighted, and cleaned, more airy and healthful, and that though we cannot boast of our architecture, we are undoubtedly amended in every other respect.

BRITISH ARTISTS.—EXHIBITION.

WE have taken a slight glance at the Gallery of British Art, in Suffolk Street, which will open to the public on Monday; and if we cannot give a long account of the pictures, we can at least advertise our friends of their being to be seen. As a whole, the impression made upon our minds is favourable to the Exhibition. We think there are decided signs of improvement; and if we find a good deal of immaturity, and worse, among (some) nine hundred pictures,—why, we do the same at the Royal Academy, Somerset House, and must wherever so many struggling performers appear on any stage. In the entering (sculpture) room there are several fine productions:—A Lord Byron, by Baily, is highly poetical, and worthy of the bard and artist; a Duke of Sussex is very so-so; a cast of Baily's Eve, a beautiful nymph by Behnes* (we believe), an Apollo, and several other subjects, are worthy of great praise; a group of an ancient hunter and wild boar is well executed, but too genteel,—such an encounter requires force, muscular display, and action. In the next room, where the paintings commence, we noticed a tiger, by Lewis, as a clever work; and an excellent piece of domestic economy, by Lance. In a scene from *Old Mortality* there is also much talent with much crudeness; the painter is unknown to us. In the principal room we were struck by some old paintings of old Northcote,—things likely to revive his fame. Lonsdale has also several capital portraits (old and new); and a little girl, over the chimney-place, is quite a change from and an honour to his pencil. Of Linton's we observed one charming scene; it is from Jersey, and the more delightful as we have hardly ever seen any thing of the pictorial of that island, which is now presented to us by a masterly hand. Hofland has a fine classical landscape; Glover a number of very natural views. Roberts is rich in church architecture. Of Stanfield we noticed one superb piece. A carnival at Venice struck us as characteristic. In familiar life and drolls there are many clever pictures. Miss Sharples has attempted the stoppage of a banking-house, and done much in expressing the distress of the unfortunate parties who have trusted to it. A scene in Leicester Square, with Punch and Judy, is also full of character, though not well coloured. A Scotch group drinking, by Frazer, is one of his best efforts; and children playing cards, by Kidd, fairly sustains his early reputation. There is a whimsical affair of snow-balling, by (we are not sure) Knight; at any rate, this young artist, the son of the performer, has made a most promising *début* in these rooms, both in portraiture and fancy. There are a number of other young artists, whose names are utterly unknown to us, but whose first appearances here will be hailed as auguring well of the British School, and of their own "hereafter." Of the drawings, miniatures, engravings, we cannot speak in detail; but we may safely state, that they offer a pleasant and plentiful field for the lovers of art to explore.

* The catalogues not being printed when we visited the Gallery, we cannot from memory be certain as to names: it is not like examining a collection by artists whose styles are better known.

PICTURES.

THE admirers of painting may at present gratify their tastes by visiting Mr. Cock, bookseller in Fleet Street, where several good pictures from Florence are at present to be seen. A Prometheus ascribed to Salvator Rosa, but certainly a grand academic composition, stands at the head of the collection. Ballad-singers, said to be by the same master, are only (in our judgment) to be spoken of as clever in their way. Two sweet landscapes are without a name, but not without beauty; and with a capital specimen of Zucherelli, are well worth inspection. There are two fine pieces of still life; and a Bacchante by Furino of considerable merit. A small Holy Family on copper, in the style of Parmegiano; an Annunciation, by Carlo Maratti; and a Geometrician, very carefully and skilfully done in the school of Flemish art, complete the catalogue—and we simply mention them, because having derived much pleasure in seeing them ourselves, we wish our readers to know where they can enjoy a like gratification.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

SPIRIT of the midnight dream,
What is now upon thy wing?
Earth sleeps in the moonlight beam;
O'er that sleep what wilt thou fling?
Many a vain and shadowy thought,
All of daylight's hope and fear,
Mind's strange workings, have I brought
On the sleeper's eye and ear.
There were some who prayed me give
Respite short from grief and pain;
Some few who but sought to live
Pleasure's fleeting hour again.
Past I o'er a purple tent,
Down and odours wooed my stay;
But remorse and hate were sent—
Guards to banish me away.
Reached I next a lonely tower,
Pale, like him, a lamp burnt there,
While its master past the hour
O'er his scroll of learned care.
Marvelled I that he should spend
Thus the hours of my sweet reign;
When his labours find their end,
He will find, too, they were vain.
Tears were in the soft dark eyes
Where I once had loved to rest;
Love had banished me, and sighs
Told he was less quiet guest.
But I bade her eyelids close
'Neath a sweet dream's gentle sway,—
False, but yet less false than those
Which the maiden dreamed by day.
I have seen the iron brow
Grow yet darker in its rest;
While the flushed cheek's angry glow
Told what lurked in the dark breast.
I have entered the drear cell,
Where the pallid murderer past
Hours whose anguish none may tell,
Yet clung to them as his last.
I have looked on craft and crime
In the hearts of youth and age:
O Night! thine's fearful time—
Mine a weary pilgrimage!
Better love I sweet noontide,
Haunting the blue hyacinth bell,
Where the silver waters glide—
Where the falling dew-drops dwell.

Welcome to the morning hours!
Welcome to the rising sun!
I may now go haunt the flowers,—
Joy! my human task is done.
L. E. L.

THE SISTERS.

They grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies but one heart.
Shakespeare.

I SAW them when their bud of life
Was slowly opening into flower,
Before a cloud of care or strife
Had burst above their natal bower,—
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace
That mantled o'er each sparkling face.
What were they then? Two twinkling stars—
The youngest of an April sky—
Far, far from earth and earth-born jars,
Together shining peacefully,—
Now borrowing, now dispensing light,
Radiant as hope, and calm as bright!
What were they then? Two limpid streams
Through Life's green vale in beauty gliding,
Mingling like half-forgotten dreams;—
Now 'neath the gloom of willows hiding,
Now dancing o'er the turf away,
In playful waves and glittering spray.
I see them as I saw them then,
With careless brows and laughing eyes;
They flash upon my soul again
With all their infant witcheries,—
Two glad some spirits, sent on earth
As envoys from the Muse of mirth!
Such Fancy's dreams—but never more
May Fancy with such dreams be fed;
Those buds have withered to their core,
Before their leaves had time to spread,—
Those stars are fallen from on high—
Those twin bright streams for ever dry!
Whilst Spring was gladdening all the skies,
Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather,
Death came to them, in gentler guise,
And smote them, in his love, together:
In concert thus they lived and died,
And still lie slumbering side by side.

March 27, 1827.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

O Love! why not relieve the anguish of my Breast? a song by Eugenius Roche, Esq., composed by De Bagnis; and presented to the Melodists' Club,* is a sweet bravura air (if ever such words can be used together), and one of the few such which have been produced in English with success. It does great credit to the talents of De Bagnis. We believe that the Melodists' Club intends to publish the pieces written and composed expressly for itself, which must be approved, &c. before they are sung: the present being a volunteer offering, not subjected to the rules of the Institution, appears upon its own merits.

The Bonny Breast-Knots. By J. Sinclair. THIS very popular air is the first composed for, and published under the auspices of, the Melodists' Club. It resembles in style those simple and exquisite melodies which have made the music of Scotland the delight of every ear and heart, charming alike the mere lover of sweet sounds and the learned professor. It has been a rich harvest both of fame and substantial profit to the accomplished singer whose composition it is.

* Published by T. Boosey and Co.

The Pretty Flower Girl. By Signor de Bagnis. T. Boosey and Co.

THIS, like the first-mentioned piece (the words being also by the same gentleman), is a pretty air, and especially for Madame Vestris to sing.

Quartett from Winter's Opera Das Unterbrochene Opferfest; arranged, with Variations, &c. by G. F. Harris. T. Boosey and Co.

THIS fine quartett, from the Interrupted Sacrifice, is too well known to require much notice. We have only to say that we like the arrangement, and that for young players it will be found at once an easy and a delightful exercise.

Six Italian Duettings da Camera. By Signor Maestro Coccia. Two Books. T. Boosey and Co.

THESE are all good; but in Book I. the second duettino in the minor key pleases us most; though we are not sure that the third is not likely to be more popular. In Book II. also, the compositions are pretty and graceful; and a serenade, in particular, extremely pleasing. The publication altogether deserves the attention of those who sing Italian, and do not wish to display too much of the scientific in their performances.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday (and again on Tuesday), *Ricciardo e Zoraide* was the performance, and the one star of the evening, Toso, as the heroine. She was well received, and certainly merits all the encouragement she has obtained in England; for though not yet a finished singer, she possesses qualities which, being encouraged, must raise her to a very high rank in her profession. Madame Brizzi made her *débüt* in *Zamira*. She is an accomplished but not a powerful singer; and will, probably, be heard to greater advantage in less extensive places than this large theatre. Curioni as *Ricciardo* was excellent. Torri took Garcia's original part, and Giubilei Porto's; but though tolerably well done, we cannot say that they sustained them. It seems that dancers are now to be suddenly affected with illnesses, just like singers: Brocard had a hoarseness or something of that sort in one of her legs, and so the *ballet* was changed, to the utter dismay of about four-fifths of the male frequenters of the opera house, who know as much of, and care as little for, music as if they were cows, but who are all eyes (to make amends for want of ears) when the Calisthenic exhibition is going forward on the stage.

VARIETIES.

OTHER reports have been circulated in Scotland respecting Major Laing, and it is now said, on the authority of letters from Tripoli, that he is pursuing his original destination.

Rapid Communication.—A report has been made to the French Academy by M. Delessert, on Mr. Vallance's plan of rapid communication. M. Delessert describes the details of the plan, but abstains from pronouncing any opinion on its merits. It appears, however, by the Report, that Mr. Vallance is about to construct one of his cylinders, which is to extend from the city (London) to the East and West-India Docks, and which is to be employed in the conveyance of goods; so that an opportunity will soon be afforded of ascertaining the utility of the invention.

The Carnival.—The Carnival at Paris has this year been very gay; and the parties have

been much more numerous than of late years. There have been so many private balls, that at some of them the company have been obliged to dance to a piano-forte.—There has also been a good deal of play; but the game of ecarté, which has been so long in vogue, is beginning to be discontinued. Several brilliant masked balls have been given at the Opera. On Shrove Tuesday the population of Paris poured out in masks upon the boulevards, and into the suburbs, and spent the whole night in dancing and feasting, in the cafés, or in the open air.

"In spite of modern Heracutuses," says a writer in a French journal which gives a long account of these various amusements, "we are always merry in France, and we will long continue to be so." We confess that we wish the principles of free trade would extend to the importation into England of a little of the French *gaieté de cœur*. We would willingly exchange a portion of our gravity for it.

The following piece of impious profanation is absolutely printed in a French newspaper, published in London last Saturday:—

Question.—Quelle différence y a-t-il entre *Jésus-Christ* et le fameux banquier *Rothschild*? Nous offrons un abonnement de trois mois à l'auteur de la meilleure pièce de vers sur cette question.

Egyptian Mummy.—An Egyptian mummy was lately opened at Paris, in the presence of Madame, and many persons of rank and science. Two manuscripts on papyrus were found, the one rolled round the head, the other round the breast. They were in such complete preservation, that M. Champollion, jun. immediately pronounced the body to have been that of Tete-Muthis, the daughter of the keeper of the little temple of Isis, at Thebes. An interesting report on the subject is expected from M. Champollion, jun.

Extraordinary Surgical Operation.—On the 21st instant, a tumour weighing upwards of eight pounds, and in magnitude larger than the human head, was extracted entire from the abdomen of a woman, between thirty and forty years of age, by Dr. A. B. Granville. Notwithstanding the extent of the incision, nine inches in length, no bowel was permitted to protrude; and the quantity of blood lost did not exceed two ounces. The results likely to follow from determining the facility of such an operation are very important. Mr. Keates, Mr. Earle, Professor Pattison, Dr. A. T. Thomson, and Mr. Wade, apothecary of the Westminster dispensary, assisted and were witnesses of the operation.

Chocolate.—When chocolate was first introduced into France,—which, according to some writers, was in 1615, at the marriage of Anne of Austria, the daughter of Philip III., with Louis XIII., and, according to others, in 1661, at the marriage of Maria Theresa of Austria, with Louis XIV.,—it was considered as a medicine. In the year 1684, a physician at Paris of the name of Bachot, maintained before the faculty a thesis, in which he declared, "that well-made chocolate was so noble an invention, that the gods ought to prefer it to nectar and ambrosia."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Rev. Thomas Belham is preparing for the press a Second Volume of his Doctrinal and Practical Discourses.

A second edition of Dagley's Death's Doings, in two volumes, with numerous additions, both in plates and in the literary portion of the work, will be ready in a week or two.

Miss Edgerworth has in the press a volume of Dramatic Tales for Children, intended as an additional volume of Parent's Assistant.

Mrs. Pickersill, wife of the admirable artist whose productions have so often claimed our highest meed of praise, is preparing for the press a volume of poetry, to be entitled *Tales of the Harem*.

* * * We are very desirous that our advertising friends should have as little cause of complaint as possible against a *for* delaying their Advertisements; and as the Announcements of Works not yet published, and the contents of forthcoming Periodicals, may fairly be considered as *literary news*, we have this week ventured to transfer such intelligence to this head of our Journal, so as to make more room for the arrears of Advertisements in our usual pages. We have, at the same time, to notice to general readers, that in consequence of having the *Gazette* printed in its present smaller (though clearer) type, and giving Poetry and Extracts in a different letter, every Number contains nearly one-fourth more reading than before.

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On introducing this new Journal to the Public, the Editors cannot but feel aware that a case has occurred, in which a Prospectus is almost entirely superfluous. They are not placed in the usual situation of speculators, who have to recommend a new periodical against a host of others, from which perhaps their own may differ only in name and in form, for, strange to say, there exists not one regular Journal of Foreign Literature in Great Britain.

That the plans which have formerly been laid for establishing such a Work should have rapidly been abandoned, is a result which, from their vague and superficial nature, might easily have been predicted; nor can success in such an undertaking be hoped for, unless when supported by contributors not merely skilled in foreign languages, but who have already been accustomed to grapple with the inevitable difficulties of acquiring an influence over the public mind in their own country, and are therefore competent to decide what can be reasonably admitted as useful and important by the English reader. Hitherto, indeed, it can scarcely be said that even a judicious attempt has been made to keep watch over the advances of literary campaigns abroad; we have not even a summary report of their proceedings, but have been contented ourselves with an ex parte decision, that what is not known is not worth knowing—a climax of self-complacency at which our nearest continental neighbours have not arrived; for they possess at least their "Revue Encyclopédique," "Bibliothèque Universelle," and (a work admirable in its own way) the "Bulletin Universel des Sciences," by the Baron de Férussac.

Such works as the three last mentioned are, of course, to be met with occasionally in this country; but, on the changes which have taken place in the French literary character within the last fifteen years, no adequate attention has been bestowed. This must have seemed scarcely possible, yet cannot be denied, and while it may be considered excusable that the veil should not yet have been drawn, and selections made from the multifarious stores of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, and *Bulletin Universel des Sciences*, yet the truth is not to be looked on with so much indifference, that, judging by our London importations, and the notices, such as they are, given in our existing periodicals, it would be concluded, that in the once Hospitable lands of Italy and Spain, literature for the last fifty years had not, to speak comparatively, altogether dormant or extinct.

Least of all is it to be considered unimportant, that of the literary produce of the Germans, (of a people amounting to above forty millions) who have, in less than half a century, as it were, created a new language, and bibliographical stores of incalculable extent, no better notice has been diffused through Great Britain than that derived from the trifling specimens presented by self-styled translators of a few plays and novels, who in nine cases out of every ten have forgotten this most sacred principle, that an author who writes good German may be translated, but cannot be translated by any one who expresses himself in bad English. Consequently, prejudices have arisen, more especially of late years, which may not, without considerable effort and perseverance, be cleared away.

Under these circumstances, the Editors of this new Journal have the satisfaction to state, that by means of their correspondents abroad, and the exertions of their Publishers, they have established modes of communication by which all the best novels, including those of the last ten years, will be gradually imported to an extent and with a degree of regularity hitherto unexampled in England. In profiting by the materials thus obtained, their leading object will be to afford a fair and equitable view of productions lately translated into British reading, and which have hitherto been unjustly neglected, or misrepresented by hasty and prejudiced critics. At the same time, it is obvious that older works must not be left unnoticed; and, by the way, it should be here intimated, that a share of the First Number may perhaps be retrospective: not only the inevitable delays of importation, but the necessity for a principle of rigid selection in the choice of works, and the necessity of rendering the most desirable, in each No., however, shall be inserted a Catalogue Raisonné of all the foreign novelties to which access has been gained through the preceding three months. Extraneous notices will be made from the Transactions of Literary and Scientific Societies, and, if possible, room afforded for separate Translations and Original Essays, such as may harmonize with the primary and leading purposes of the Work.

To conclude this brief Introduction, the Editors feel much pleasure in being enabled to add, that not only have they already obtained the approval, and co-operation as Contributors, of many literary Characters of the very highest distinction in this country, but are now adopting such measures as will secure in future the regular assistance of eminent scholars in almost every capital of the Continent.

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